

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR **MEN**

50c

FIRST TIME
in any magazine

FULL COLOR

the famous

MARILYN

MONROE

NUDE



VIP ON SEX

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IF YOU'RE A MAN between the ages of 18 and 80, **PLAYBOY** is meant for you. If you like your entertainment served up with humor, sophistication and spice, **PLAYBOY** will become a very special favorite.

We want to make clear from the very start, we aren't a "family magazine." If you're somebody's sister, wife or mother-in-law and picked us up by mistake, please pass us along to the man in your life and get back to your *Ladies Home Companion*.

Within the pages of **PLAYBOY** you will find articles, fiction, picture stories, cartoons, humor and special features culled from many sources, past and present, to form a pleasure-primer styled to the masculine taste.

Most of today's "magazines for men" spend all their time out-of-doors—thrashing through thorny thickets or splashing about in fast flowing streams. We'll be out there too, occasionally, but we don't mind telling you in advance—we plan on spending most of our time inside.

We like our apartment. We enjoy mixing up cocktails and an *hors d'oeuvre* or two, putting a little mood music on the phonograph, and inviting in a female acquaintance for a quiet discussion on Picasso, Nietzsche, jazz, sex.

VOLUME I, NUMBER I



We believe, too, that we are filling a publishing need only slightly less important than the one just taken care of by the Kinsey Report. The magazines now being produced for the city-bred male (there are 2—count 'em—2) have, of late, placed so much emphasis on fashion, travel, and "how-to-do-it" features on everything from avoiding a hernia to building your own steam bath, that entertainment has been all but pushed from their pages. **PLAYBOY** will emphasize entertainment.

Affairs of state will be out of our province. We don't expect to solve any world problems or prove any great moral truths. If we are able to give the American male a few extra laughs and a little diversion from the anxieties of the Atomic Age, we'll feel we've justified our existence.



ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO THE MEN'S SHOP,
C/O PLAYBOY, 6052 S. HARPER AVENUE,
CHICAGO 37, ILLINOIS. SORRY, NO C.O.D.'S.

THE MEN'S SHOP



Here's a handsome ice bucket your friends will notice and talk about. It's stainless steel lined, and covered with unborn calf. The lid is



black satin finish Thermoplastic and it's trimmed in high polished aluminum. There's a built-in ice pick in the cover. It will hold ice more than 24 hours. Five quart capacity. \$58.00.

No more tossing the clothes over a chair. This Silent Valet with separate trouser hanger keeps your



whole suit neat as can be; holds change, keys, papers, too. In mahogany, blonde or walnut, \$24.50.

A convenient portable bar that collapses for easy storage in a corner or closet. Serve food and drinks to guests in any room of the house. Available in mahogany, blonde and black wood finish, with a black Formica top, trimmed in red, green, ivory, brown or chartreuse Duran plastic. 19" x 26" x 34" high. \$55.00.

The oversized bottle opener shown with the portable bar is \$3.00. The game bird high ball glasses are \$6.00 for a set of eight.



The Fiberglass ice bucket with Canada geese design holds 2½ quarts (2 trays of ice cubes), \$10.00.

This coat and hat rack in wrought iron and brass can be attached to



a wall or the back of a closet or other door. Both smart and functional. The mesh shelf measures 18" x 10". \$6.50.

You'll have 8 tools in 1 with this handy pocket auto kit. A combination wrench, screwdriver, Philips screwdriver, edge file, flat tool file, awl-punch, bottle opener and knife. A thousand-and-one uses for your car; invaluable around the



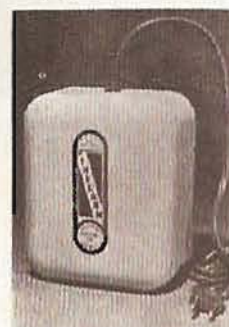
house. Made of the finest alloy tool steel; compact and light. You'll have a tool chest in your pocket. With handsome leather case, \$12.50.

You can drink your beer direct from the can with this handy Kan Kup. It snaps over the top of a can, then it's just like drinking from a glass. Made of washable,



sanitary plastic, they can be used over and over again. A set of six in gay colors, \$1.00.

No danger of waking some night and finding your house in flames, when you've installed this handy home fire alarm. Attach it near any potential fire hazard; it plugs



into all 110 and 120 volt outlets. If a fire breaks out at home, alarm will sound a warning. \$12.50.





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Miss GOLD-DIGGER

By **BOB NORMAN**

IN the frivolous flapper days of blackmarket booze and short-skirted women, a man knew where he stood. It was the era of the catalogued woman. Career girls were uninhibited, wives were faithful, and alimony was reserved for the little floosies who periodically married and divorced millionaire playboys as carless with their lucre as their love.

Today, with taxes astronomical, both sexes Kinseyfied and all well-oiled millionaires holed up in Texas, alimony has gone democra-

tic. In other words, it can happen to you too, brother.

The 1953 variety gold-digger may be a chorus cutie or she may be Miss Plain Jane from across the street. All American womanhood has descended on alimony as a natural heritage.

A young couple gets married. They're in love, or think they are, but for one reason or another the marriage doesn't work. Maybe it's the guy's fault; maybe it's the girl's. Could be neither one is to blame — just two nice people who aren't

really suited for one another.

You might assume that having discovered their mistake, a couple could successfully call it quits, no strings attached, and try to find happiness elsewhere. 'Tain't so.

When the time comes for going their separate ways, the young lady may, if she is so inclined, stick her ex-spouse for a healthy chunk of his earnings from that day forward, for the rest of his unnatural life.

The whole concept of alimony is a throwback to the days when grandma was a girl. A couple of generations ago, this was a man's world, and a nice young woman without a husband had a difficult time making her own way. Nothing could be further from the truth in 1953.

Even the simplest wench can make a handsome living today. And if she wants another husband, the divorcee has a better chance of

landing a man than her less worldly-wise, unmarried sister.

Don't mistake *alimony* for *child support*. Alimony is an allowance — usually substantial — given to the ex-wife by her ex-husband to maintain her in a style to which she would like to become accustomed. Child support is awarded where minor children are unfortunate victims of the adults' mistake. Offspring are considered wards of the court and payments are ordered until they become of age — whether the kids are as mercenary as their mommies or not. Few fathers object to supporting their children, but supporting an ex-wife is like buying oats for a dead horse. The marriage has ended. The unhappy stag is entitled to none of the privileges of a husband, but he's expected to pay for them as if he were.

While the divorce or suit for separate maintenance is pending,

the money awarded is laughingly termed "temporary alimony." The laughter is usually one-sided and soprano, since many judges use this "temporary" figure as a basis for the all too permanent settlement.

It doesn't matter who is to blame for the marriage going on the rocks.

The wife may be a trollop with the disconcerting habit of crawling in and out of bed with the husband's friends. She may be a spendthrift whose expensive tastes he cannot afford. No matter. When the judge grants the divorce, he will also grant the little missus a healthy stipend for future escapades and extravagances.

Nor is modern alimony merely a matter of principal. For many men it is a serious question of economic survival.

A young TV director was overpowered by a 37" 25" 37" brunette early in his career and happily exchanged the vows that were to guarantee a lifetime of marital bliss. Five years later, his 37" 30" 37" wife sued for divorce. In claiming her severance pay, she explained that she had inspired her husband, contributing nightly to whatever success he now enjoyed.

The judge listened to this tender American love story and ordered the defendant to fork over 50% of his present salary — plus 50% of whatever he earned in the future. The man was professionally whipped. As he told reporters afterward, "What good does it do me to work? She'll get half of everything I ever make. The harder I try to make something for myself, the more I'll have to kick through to her."

In one Chicago divorce court, the judge takes a pad and pencil with him to the bench. An alimony "hearing" consists of asking the husband what he earns, taking half of it and, unless the man is supporting an aged mother and has three mortgages on his house, giving it to the woman.

The rich and the poor — all get their equal chance before the alimony bar of justice. And the less a man makes, the deadlier alimony becomes.

In one court, a truck driver was brought in for falling behind in his payments. He explained to the judge that he had remarried and that he and his second wife had been blessed with a child. "How can I support two families on my

ARTICLE

of 1953



**when a modern-day marriage ends,
it doesn't matter who's to blame.**

**it's always the guy
who pays and pays, and pays, and pays.**

GOLD-DIGGER—continued

salary, your honor?" he asked.

The sentimental old magistrate explained that that was the truck driver's problem. The alimony payments were set by court order and if he failed to meet them, he would receive a six month jail sentence for contempt of court. Actually that would have been a light sentence for the amount of contempt the man probably felt for this particular court.

In another recent trial, a wife asked for an allotment that exceeded what her ex-husband was earning. The man pointed out this rather pertinent fact to the judge, explaining that his income was low because he was just starting out as a salesman on straight commission. The defendant was willing to sacrifice initial pay because he believed the job had a future.

The judge was unimpressed. He ordered the man to "stop fooling around and get a regular job."

Alimony, obviously, is based less on the actual needs of the woman than on what she feels she deserves. One state supreme court ruling put it this way: "Alimony is measured by the wants of the person entitled to it and the circumstances and ability of the man to pay it." And most courts seem to place the ex-wife's "wants" considerably ahead of the ex-husband's "circumstances and ability to pay."

The courts aren't interested in whether a woman is capable of earning her own living. In fact, their decisions discourage any thoughts an ex-missus may have of returning to work. They penalize the girl who is willing to earn her own way by reducing or eliminating her alimony payments. It doesn't take a very sharp sister to figure it's a lot easier to stay home afternoons and play Scrabble with the girls and let the ex-hubby pay the bills.

Nor will a guy necessarily get off with returning the girl to the sort of life she was used to before she hooked him. He is expected to maintain her in circumstances similar to those she enjoyed as his mate. This questionable concept is behind most of the larger alimony settlements and you'll find dozens of examples in the files of most of the divorce courts of the nation.

Take the case of the wealthy furniture manufacturer. He married his eager, 26-year-old secretary. The marriage lasted exactly three

months. But when the little lady came into court, her lawyer based his alimony claim on the standard of living she had enjoyed as the rich man's wife.

"Look at this girl, your honor," the lawyer pleaded, and that's just exactly what the judge was doing. "Must she go back to riding the bus, when he rides in his Cadillac? Is she supposed to live in a room in the home of her father while he struts about his mansion?"

The judge might have reasonably asked, "Why not?" and questioned what had transpired in the last three months to warrant any different decision. But logic sometimes gets mislaid in moments like this, especially when the lady is a full-busted blonde in a low cut dress and the judge is on a very high bench looking down.

Those three months of marital bliss cost the furniture manufacturer \$750 a month, for life — or until the sweet little secretary hooked another fish.

What makes such fantastic decisions possible? The primary reason is simple — there are very few actual laws regulating alimony. Most states don't have statutes that set requirements for alimony payments. That leaves each case in the hands of the presiding judge.

As a result, all the personal factors that can sway a judge are discreetly brought into play by the wife and her attorney. And after reviewing a number of the court decisions, one wonders whether some of the ex-wives didn't show up for the proceedings wearing bathing suits.

Each state's alimony statutes vary just as their divorce laws do. Some states, like Minnesota, set an alimony ceiling at half the man's income. In Louisiana, it is a third. New Hampshire has a time limit of three years on alimony payments, but this is renewable if the woman can show "good cause."

In Indiana alimony is set at a specific figure that can be paid off in installments. Here, at least, a man knows there is an ultimate end to the payments.

Pennsylvania awards only temporary alimony — no permanent payments. A man pays only while the divorce is pending; once the decree is granted, his obligations to the woman cease. The Pennsylvania legislature has taken the logical stand that a man's duty to support a woman is a part of the marriage contract, and that it ceases when the marriage does.

A few judges have pulled switcheroos and displayed an uncommonly rich sense of humor by awarding alimony to the husbands. If they do nothing else, such decisions help to point up the absurdity of the entire alimony concept.

There's no denying, eliminating alimony would sharply reduce the legalized prostitution now popular among certain segments of our population. Few sweet-and-lovelies would marry middle-aged playboys if they couldn't brush them in a year or two and live happily ever after on the alimony checks.

The alimony deck is heavily stacked against any man in the game. There are, however, a few tricks worth knowing about. Some husbands, anticipating disaster, assemble their meager belongings (including unwashed socks and dog-eared marriage manuals) and beat it out of town. While the surprised wife can get her divorce in an uncontested hearing, she cannot obtain alimony unless her departed swain is served notice of the court hearings personally. If he's rafting down the Rio Grande, he can be a very difficult guy to serve.

Another stratagem was employed by a Detroit executive who offered his ex-wife a tempting \$1,000 bonus if she remarried within five years, thus ending his obligation to her. He assumed she would prefer to better her alimony potential with a less worldly but more wealthy second spouse, and that the bonus would prompt her to quicker action. He was right. Two weeks before the deadline, she remarried, and when hubby number two was looking the other way, she slipped the grand under her garter.

More courageous husbands promise hectic, headline-making court fights. Few wives care to have their dirty linen washed in public and if the man is willing to go through the ordeal, or even threatens to, he's apt to get a squarer alimony shake. He may even be able to trade a quick, quiet divorce for an alimony waiver. Once waived, alimony can never be reclaimed.

Obviously, however, a man isn't going to get a really square deal in the divorce courts until the alimony laws of the nation have been completely overhauled. Till then, it's important to remember that the modern gold digger comes in a variety of shapes and sizes. She's after the wealthy playboys, but she may also be after you.





"Jeannie—what's the past tense of 'virgin'?"



Strip Quiz

At the *Academie Des Vins*, quiz master Serge Garry gets things started. Easier questions to begin with, of course.

Mademoiselle Genevieve loses her skirt and blouse, and the guests begin to realize the questions are providing most revealing answers.



Getting down to the bare essentials, a bright boy proves education is a wonderful thing by winning the lady's whatchamacallit.



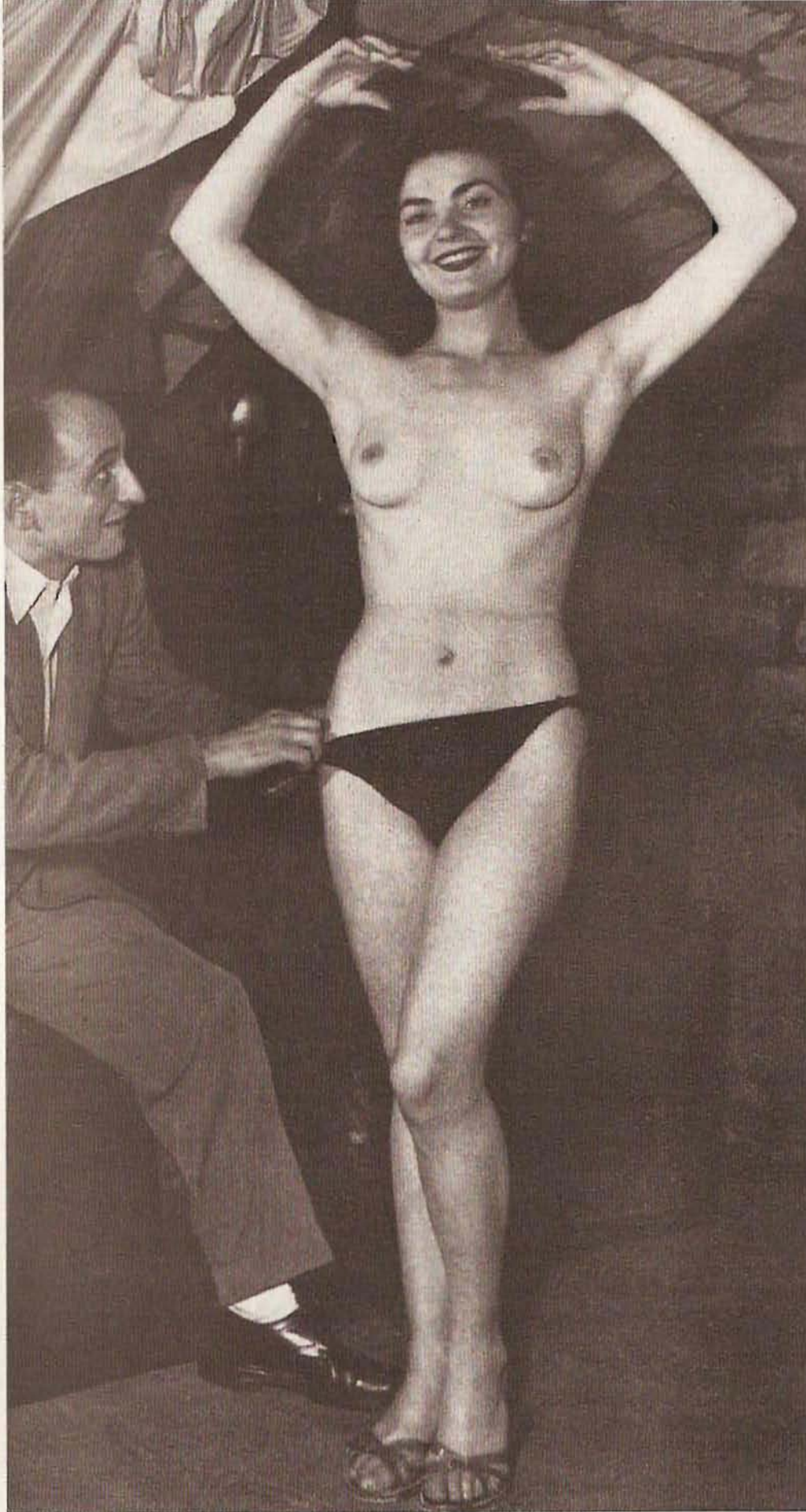
GAMES

If you're looking for something different to put some spice in that party you're planning, here's a Parisian parlor game guaranteed to make the most bored and blasé guest sit up and take notice.

It's a French switch on the old question-and-answer quiz. As played in the bohemian bistros along Paris' left bank (where these photographs were taken), a quiz master tosses questions out at the audience and the guest with the correct answer is permitted to remove a piece of clothing from the lovely *mademoiselle* prominently displayed on a stage in the center of the room.

At a party, the guest who correctly answers a question put to him by the host may remove a piece of clothing from any other guest — making the game much more interesting.

The rules indicate any number can play but *Playboy's* Game Editor reports it's really the most fun with just two participants, and a bust as *solitaire*.



Our friend with the Shakespearean brow comes through with the answer to the \$64 question. Can't understand why nobody tried to win the young lady's show.

tales from the DECAMERON

A new translation of one of the choicest stories from Boccaccio's bawdy classic.

By NORMAN HOLLAND

THE 8TH TALE OF THE 8TH DAY

Once in Siena, as I understand the story, there were two young men named Spinelloccio Tanena and Zeppa di Mino. Both were wealthy and of good families. They were next door neighbors in the Camollia, went almost everywhere together, and apparently loved one another as brothers, or even more. Moreover, each had a very fair wife.

Spinelloccio spent much time at Zeppa's house, both when Zeppa was home and when he was abroad. And, in time, he became so familiar with Zeppa's young wife, he ended by lying with her. This affair lasted for some little while without anyone being the wiser.

One day, however, Zeppa was home unknown to his wife, when Spinelloccio came to call. Believing no one else to be about, Spinelloccio fell immediately to kissing her, and she him. Zeppa saw this but made no sign, remaining hidden to see where the game might lead. Presently, his wife and Spinelloccio retired, arm in arm, to her bed chamber, there locking themselves in.

Zeppa was enraged, but he made no outcry, realizing that to do so would not lessen his injury and might make public his shame. He soothed himself, instead, with thoughts of revenge; and after much consideration, he hit upon a scheme.

As soon as Spinelloccio had gone, Zeppa entered the bedroom and there found his wife not yet fully clothed, but in a state of disrepair from her bout of love. And he said, "Wife, what are you doing?"

"Can't you see?" she answered.

"Yes, indeed yes," said Zeppa. "I have seen far more than I would wish." He then told what he had witnessed and she, greatly frightened, confessed all and begged her husband's forgiveness with tears and much emotion.

Zeppa said, "Wife, you have done me a grave wrong, and to purchase my pardon, you must now do what I ask of you. Send a message to Spinelloccio leaving me tomorrow at three and asking him to find some excuse for coming to you here. While you are together, I shall return. As soon as you hear me, make him get into the large chest and lock it. When you have done that, I will tell you what

else you must do. And do not be afraid for I promise you I will not harm either Spinelloccio or yourself."

To satisfy her husband, the lady promised to do as he had bid her.

The next day Spinelloccio and Zeppa were together, and as three o'clock drew near, Spinelloccio excused himself from the company of his friend by saying, "I am dining today with a friend who I must not keep waiting."

"But it is still some time until dinner," replied Zeppa.

"No matter," said Spinelloccio. "I must speak with him about some business of mine, so I should be there early."

Spinelloccio then hurried to the rendezvous with his friend's wife.

He had been with her only a few moments when Zeppa loudly voiced his arrival. The lady, feigning fright, made Spinelloccio hide in the chest, locked him in, and went forth from her chamber.

"Wife, is it dinner time?" Zeppa asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"Spinelloccio has gone to dine with a friend," said Zeppa in a very loud voice. "His wife is alone. Go to the window, call her, and tell her to come and have dinner with us."

The wife, still fearful and therefore mighty obedient, hastened to do her husband's bidding.

Spinelloccio's spouse, after some persuading, agreed to join them. When she entered, Zeppa greeted her affectionately, and whispering to his wife to go into the kitchen, then took the lady by the hand and led her into the bed chamber. Once inside, he turned and locked the door.

"Zeppa, what is the meaning of this?" the lady exclaimed. "Is this how you show your love and loyal friendship for my husband, Spinelloccio?"

Zeppa drew the fair lady near the chest in which Spinelloccio was hidden, and holding her close to him, said: "Woman, before you complain, listen to what I have to say. I have loved and do still love Spinelloccio like a brother. Yet, yesterday, without his knowing it, I discovered that my trust in him had come to this — he has lain with my wife even as he lies with you."

"Now, even with that, I love him too much to seek revenge — be-

yond the offense itself. Spinelloccio has had my wife and now I mean to have you. Our pleasure here will even the score and right the wrong he has done me."

"If this interlude will set things straight," said the lady, "I am content. But I pray you, Zeppa, forgive your wife, as I intend to, despite what she has done to me."

"This I will do," Zeppa replied, "and, moreover, when we have finished, I shall give you a rare and precious jewel unlike any you have ever owned."

So saying, he embraced and kissed her passionately, then laid her upon the chest where they took their pleasure.

Spinelloccio heard all from his hiding place within the chest and then felt the dance of love that took place above his head. He was, at first, so angered he almost died. Indeed, he would have shouted insults at his wife if he had not feared discovery.

Then, remembering his own predicament and that he, himself, was really the start of it all, Spinelloccio admitted, inwardly, Zeppa was really most justified in what he was about — and was, in fact, most humane in not seeking a more violent vengeance. Whereupon, Spinelloccio vowed to be an even closer friend in the future, if Zeppa would allow it.

Having satisfied himself, Zeppa dismounted from the chest. Whereupon, the lady asked for the promised jewel. Zeppa smiled, opened the chamber door and called in his wife. Then he went to the chest, unlocked it, and threw up the lid, exclaiming, "Here is the jewel I promised you!"

It would be hard to say who was the more embarrassed — Spinelloccio seeing Zeppa and realizing that he knew all — or Spinelloccio's wife, seeing her husband and realizing he had heard and felt what she had been about above his very head.

But Spinelloccio climbed from the chest with these words: "Zeppa, we are even and it is well. As dearest friends, we have shared all things but our wives — and now we have these, too, in common."

Zeppa agreed, and all dined together in the most peaceful way imaginable. And from that time on, each of the ladies had two husbands and each of the men two wives.

*A humorous tale
of adultery.*



ILLUSTRATED BY LEON BELLIN



"After you finish fixing that faucet, Mr. Jackson, I wish you'd take a look at this shower."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Crazy Charlie, the used car dealer, was out to break all sales records with his "like new" models. A large sign in his window announced: "A Blonde Free With Each Car."

A delighted young wolf plunked down his cash and, hot with anticipation, drove his newly-won blonde out into the country. He parked, gave her a couple of preliminary kisses, and whispered a suggestion in her ear.

She shook her head, smiled, and said, "You got that when you bought this car."

Peters was the university's star fullback. A few days before the big game, he injured his leg during a practice scrimmage, and was told he would be unable to play in the game of the year. The college paper planned to announce the sad news with the headline, "Team Will Play Without Peters."

However, the dean caught this bit of college humor before the paper went to press and ordered the editor to change it or be kicked off the paper. The editor complied, and Saturday morning the paper hit the campus with the headline, "Team Will Play With Peters Out."

A young man met his ex-wife at a party and after a few drinks, he suggested that they have another try at marriage.

"Over my dead body," she sneered.

He downed his drink, and replied, "I see you haven't changed a bit."

A man was complaining to a friend about an uncle who was staying with him: "I didn't mind when he wore my suits, I didn't object when he smoked my best cigars, drank my bourbon, and borrowed my car every night. But when he sat down at the dinner table and laughed at me with my own teeth — that was too much!"

The judge looked down at the sweet young thing. "You claim that the defendant stole your money from your stocking?" he asked.

"That's right, your honor," she answered.

"Well, why didn't you resist?" the judge asked.

The girl blushed and lowered her eyes. "I didn't know he was after my money, your honor," she said.

Three Frenchmen were discussing the meaning of the word *savoir-faire*. The first explained, "If you come home and discover your wife in another man's arms and you say, 'Excuse me,' that's *savoir-faire*."

"No, no," said another who was slightly older and more experienced, "that's not quite right. If you come home and find your wife in another man's arms and you say, 'Excuse me, proceed,' that's *savoir-faire*!"

The third Frenchman was still older and wiser, and he said, with a smile, "I'm afraid neither of you really understands the full meaning of the word. If you come home and discover your wife in the arms of another man and you say, 'Excuse me, proceed,' and he proceeds, then he has *savoir-faire*."

A director was interviewing a pretty young actress who had just arrived in Hollywood from the east. After the usual questions, he looked her up and down and asked, "Are you a virgin?"

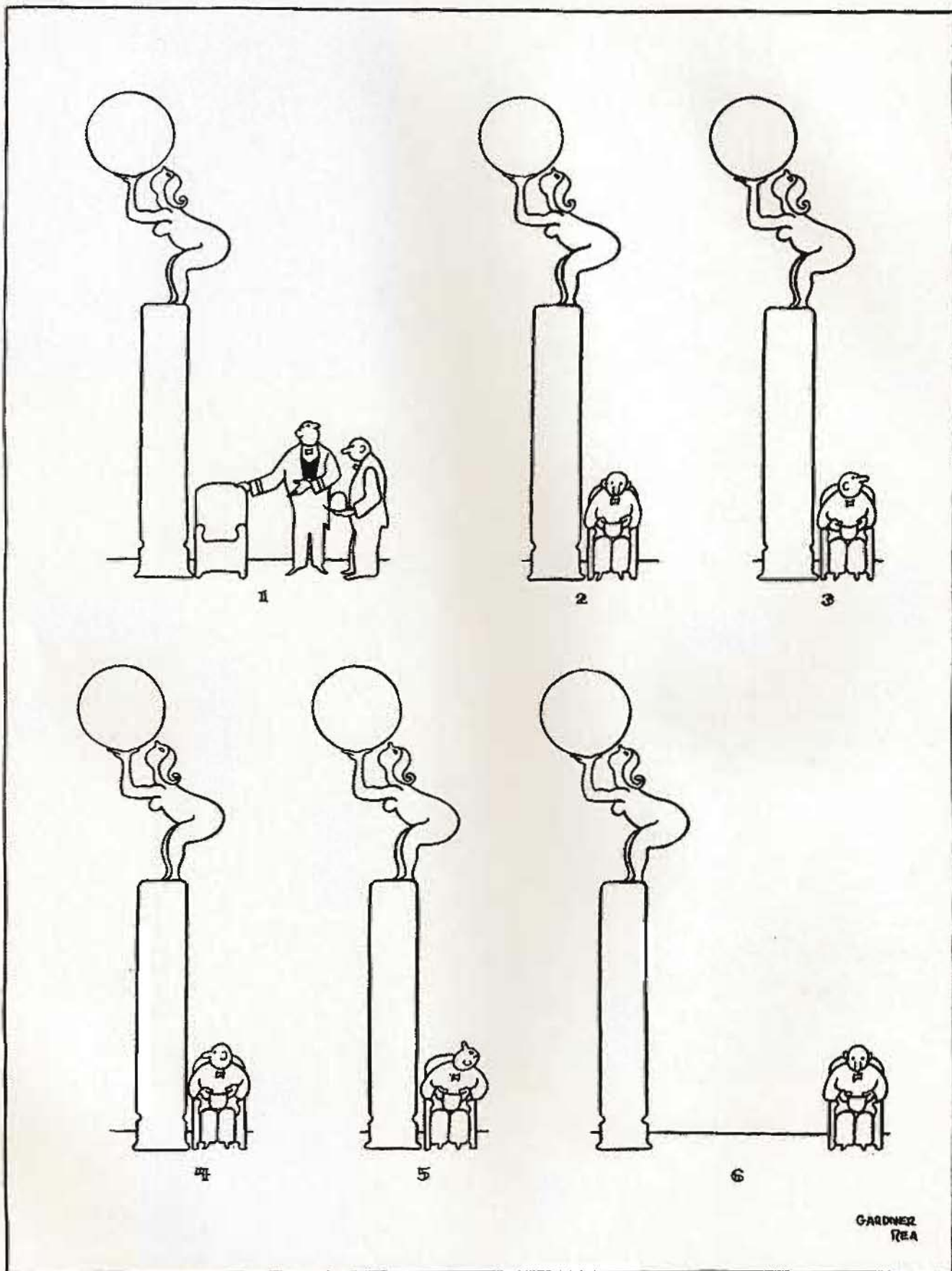
She nodded, then realizing a job might hinge on her answer, she added, "But I'm not a fanatic about it!"

An elderly gentleman visited his doctor with the complaint that he believed he was becoming impotent.

"When did you first become aware of this problem?" the doctor asked.

The old gentleman replied, "Yesterday afternoon, twice last night and again this morning."





THE CAREFUL CHAP

WHAT MAKES MARILYN?



SOME say her real name is Norma Jean Baker. Others claim it's Norma Jeane Mortenson. Her measurements have been reported as 35" 24" 37", 37½" 25" 37½" and 37½" 23" 37". Sometimes she's 5'4" tall and weighs 120 pounds, but she may shift unexpectedly to 5'5½" and weigh in at 118.

Though the gentlemen who handle such matters for the magazines and newspapers of the nation seem to be working with a rich variety of statistics, their sum totals all come out the same. No matter how you add it up, Marilyn "blonde all over" Monroe is the juiciest morsel to come out of the California hills since the discovery of the navel orange.

Her own exciting 3 dimensions are doing as much to keep her studio in the black as all the ballyhooed 3-D gimmicks. She can put more sensual appeal into a simple glance or movement than any *Oomph*, *It*, *Snap*, *Crackle* or *Pop* girl in Hollywood's sensual his-

tory. She's as famous as Dwight Eisenhower and Dick Tracy, and she and Dr. Kinsey have so monopolized sex this year, some people in high places are investigating to make certain no anti-trust laws have been bent or broken.

At this point, it seems perfectly natural to ask *why*? What has made Marilyn "all I wear to bed is Chanel No. 5" Monroe the undisputed Love Goddess of this particular generation?

Publicity is the most obvious answer. Nobody climbs to stardom without a healthy boost from the rear by a Grade-A publicity man. In this case, there are two — Harry Brand and Roy Craft — both Grade-A. They do their boosting for 20th Century Fox, and they outdid themselves on Marilyn. Yet some of the biggest publicity breaks were unplanned. Marilyn's romance with Joltin' Joe DiMaggio was on the up and up; in fact the studio boys were actually





against it, because they thought it would hurt her popularity. And when they first heard about the now famous nude calendar, even their ulcers had ulcers.

Yes, publicity is certainly a part of Marilyn's popularity — but only a part. Promotion men grow grey trying to out-promote one another in the glamour girl field, for constant exposure to the cheesecake virus has left most citizens almost immune. Marilyn caught on in epidemic proportions because, as *Life* put it, she's "the real article."

What makes Marilyn the real article?

Is it her body? Fortunately she has given us an unusually complete view of this part of the attraction for careful study and consideration. There is no denying the young lady is very well stacked.

Yet, her curves really aren't *that* spectacular. Even if you believe the best of the conflicting reports—37½" 23" 37" (and we don't) — we've known girls in our roguish wanderings who beat those dimensions all to hell.

The same can be said for her face. It's sweet, wide-eyed and innocent — and on top of her rather surrealistic torso, it's slightly sensational. But Hollywood uses slightly sensational females for waitresses and studio messengers.

More than either face or body, it is what little Norma Jean has learned to do with both. Caruso, they say, could break a wine glass with his voice. Marilyn shatters whole rows of beer steins with a single, seductive look. And when she turns and slowly undulates out of a room, seismographs pick up quivers a thousand miles away.

All of which is to say — there is nothing else quite like Marilyn on this good earth — be it animal, vegetable or mineral. She is natural sex personified. It is there in every look and movement. That's what makes her the most natural choice in the world for our very first *Playboy Sweetheart*.

Sweetheart of the Month——

*We'll be running a beautiful, full color unpinned pin-up in each new issue of **PLAYBOY**, but we're mighty pleased to have the famous nude of Marilyn Monroe as a starter.*

*There were actually two poses shot au naturel back in '49, just before the gorgeous blonde got her first movie break. When they appeared as calendar art, they helped catapult her to stardom. We've selected the better of the two as our first **PLAYBOY Sweetheart**.*

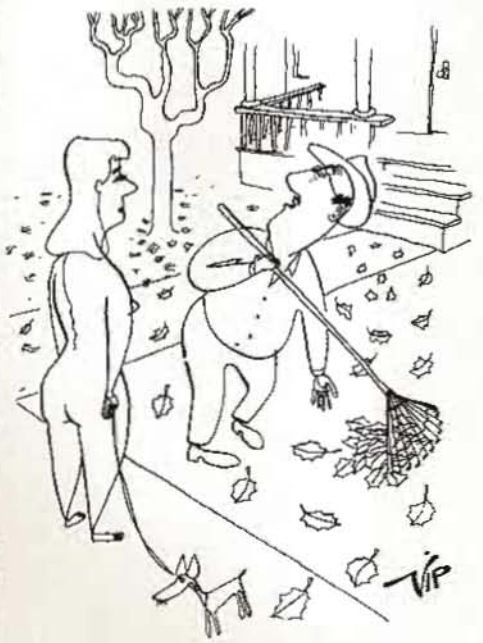




Dr. Alfred Kinsey and associates have just completed a very impressive, 1,000 page volume on sex. It's jam packed full of fascinating charts, figures, tables and graphs, and represents nearly five years of exacting, objective research. The drawings on these two pages are on the same subject and represent almost no research whatsoever. Dr. Kinsey makes sex seem very, very serious and oh, so scientific. Virgil Franklin Partch II just makes it funny as all hell—and personally, that's the way we prefer it.



"Which one of you is purring?"



"Sure you just want one?"

ON SEX



"Guess who"

SHERLOCK HOLMES took his bottle from the corner of the mantelpiece, and his hypodermic syringe from its neat morocco case. With his long, white, nervous fingers he adjusted the delicate needle and rolled back his left shirtcuff. For some little time his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the sinewy forearm and wrist, all dotted and scarred with innumerable puncture-marks. Finally, he thrust the sharp point home, pressed down the tiny piston, and sank back into the velvet-lined armchair with a long sigh of satisfaction.

Three times a day for many months I had witnessed this performance, but custom had not reconciled my mind to it. On the contrary, from day to day I had become more irritable at the sight, and my conscience swelled nightly within me at the thought that I had lacked the courage to protest. Again and again I had registered a vow that I should deliver my soul upon the subject; but there was that in the cool, nonchalant air of my companion which made him the last man with whom one would care to take anything approaching to a liberty. His great powers, his masterly manner, and the experience which I had had of his many extraordinary qualities, all made me diffident and backward in crossing him.

Yet upon that afternoon, whether it was the Beaune which I had taken with lunch or the additional exasperation produced by the extreme deliberation of his manner, I suddenly felt that I could hold out no longer.

"Which is it to-day," I asked, "morphine or cocaine?"

He raised his eyes languidly from the old blackletter volume which he had opened.

"It is cocaine," he said, "a seven-per-cent solution. Would you care to try it?"

"No, indeed," I answered brusquely. "My constitution has not got over the Afghan campaign yet. I cannot afford to throw any extra strain upon it."

He smiled at my vehemence. "Perhaps you are right, Watson," he said. "I suppose that its influence is physically a bad one. I find it, however, so transcendently stimulating and clarifying to the mind that its secondary action is a matter of small moment."

"But consider!" I said earnestly. "Count the cost! Your brain may, as you say, be roused and excited, but it is a pathological and morbid process which involves increased tissue-change and may at least leave a permanent weakness. You know, too, what a black reaction comes upon you. Surely the game is hardly worth the candle. Why should you, for a mere passing pleasure, risk the loss of those great powers with which you have been endowed? Remember that I speak not only as one comrade to another but as a medical man to one for whose constitution he is to some extent answerable."

He did not seem offended. On the contrary, he put his finger-tips together, and leaned his elbows on the arms of his chair, like one who has a relish for conversation.

"My mind," he said, "rebels at stagnation. Give me problems, give me work, give me the most abstruse cryptogram, or the most intricate analysis, and I am in my own proper atmosphere. I can dispense then with artificial stimulants. But I abhor the dull routine of existence. I crave for mental exaltation. That is why I have chosen my own particular profession, or rather created it, for I am the only one in the world."

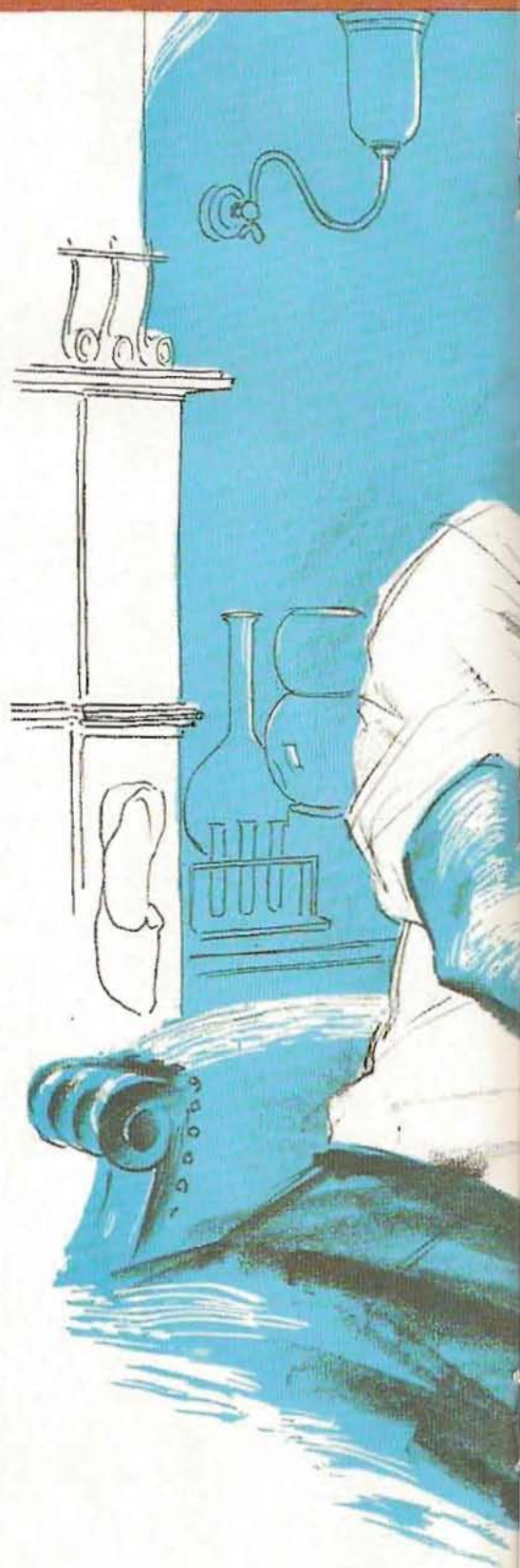
"The only unofficial detective?" I said, raising my eyebrows.

"The only unofficial consulting detective," he answered. "I am the last and highest court of appeal in detection. When Gregson, or Lestrade, or Anthony Jones are out of their depths—which, by the way, is their normal state—the matter is laid before me. I examine the data, as an expert, and pronounce a specialist's opinion. I claim no credit in such cases. My name figures in no newspaper. The work itself, the pleasure of finding a field for my peculiar powers, is my highest reward. But you have yourself had some experience of my methods of work in the Jefferson Hope case."

"Yes indeed," said I cordially. "I was never so struck by anything in my life. I even embodied it in a small brochure, with the somewhat fantastic title of 'A Study in Scarlet.'"

He shook his head sadly.

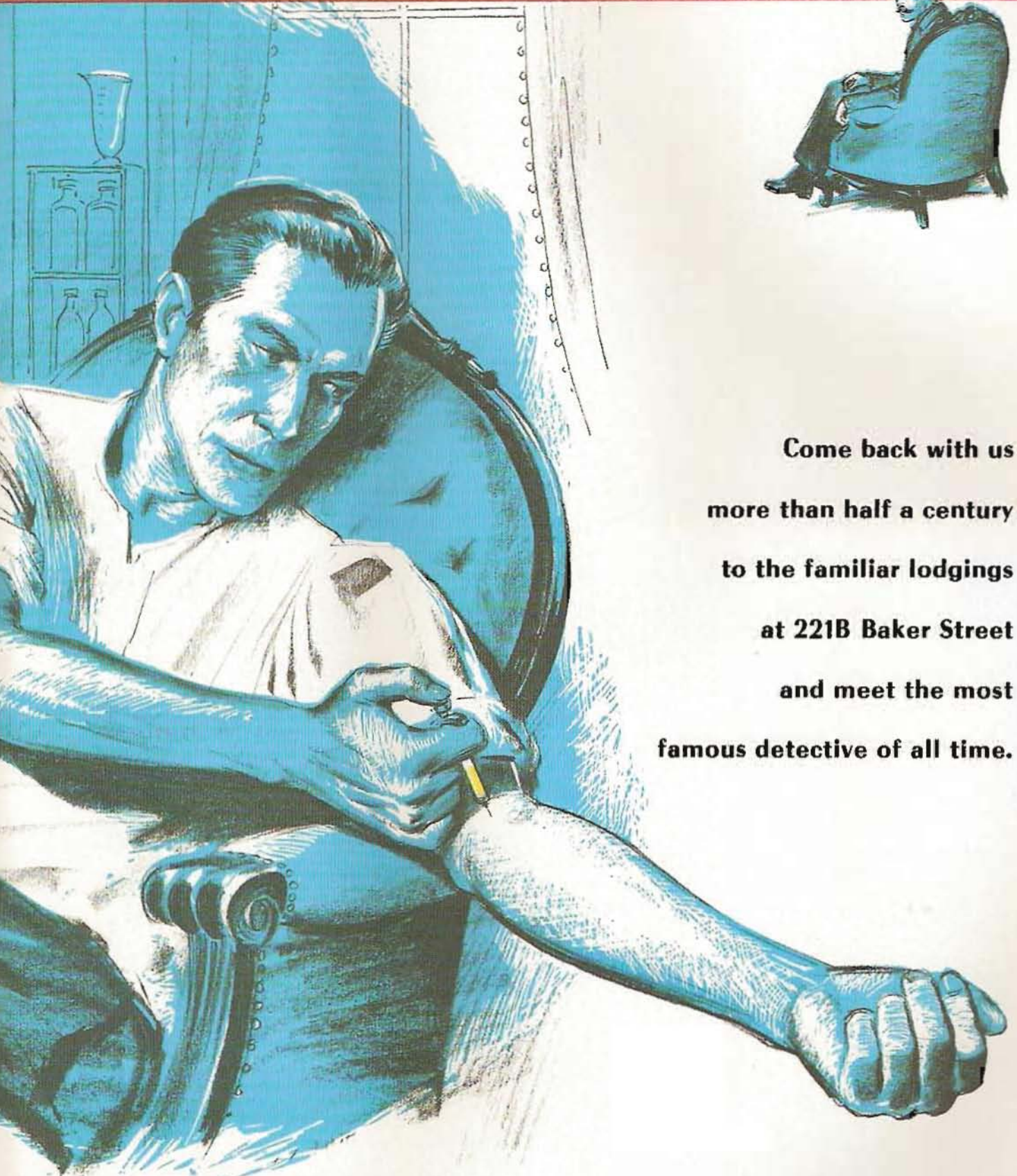
"I glanced over it," said he. "Honestly, I cannot congratulate you upon it. Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science and should



NG SHERLOCK HOLMES



**Come back with us
more than half a century
to the familiar lodgings
at 221B Baker Street
and meet the most
famous detective of all time.**



Holmes pressed down the tiny piston.

SHERLOCK HOLMES *continued*

be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner. You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love-story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid."

"But the romance was there," I remonstrated. "I could not tamper with the facts."

"Some facts should be suppressed, or, at least, a just sense of proportion should be observed in treating them. The only point in the case which deserved mention was the curious analytical reasoning from effects to causes, by which I succeeded in unravelling it."

I was annoyed at this criticism of a work which had been specially designed to please him. I confess, too, that I was irritated by the egotism which seemed to demand that every line of my pamphlet should be devoted to his own special doings. More than once during the years that I had lived with him in Baker Street I had observed that a small vanity underlay my companion's quiet and didactic manner. I made no remark, however, but sat nursing my wounded leg. I had had a Jezail bullet through it some time before, and though it did not prevent me from walking it ached wearily at every change of the weather.

"My practice has extended recently to the Continent," said Holmes after a while, filling up his old briar-root pipe. "I was consulted last week by Francois le Villard, who, as you probably know, has come rather to the front lately in the French detective service. He has all the Celtic power of quick intuition, but he is deficient in the wide range of exact knowledge which is essential to the higher developments of his art. The case was concerned with a will and possessed some features of interest. I was able to refer him to two parallel cases, the one at Riga in 1857, and the other at St. Louis in 1871, which have suggested to him the true solution. Here is the letter which I had this morning acknowledging my assistance."

He tossed over, as he spoke, a crumpled sheet of foreign note-paper. I glanced my eyes down it, catching a profusion of notes of admiration, with stray *magnifiques*, *coup-de-maitres* and *tours-de-force*, all testifying to the ardent admiration of the Frenchman.

"He speaks as a pupil to his master," said I.



"Man—is she stacked!"

"Oh, he rates my assistance too highly," said Sherlock Holmes lightly. "He has considerable gifts himself. He possesses two out of the three qualities necessary for the ideal detective. He has the power of observation and that of deduction. He is only wanting in knowledge, and that may come in time. He is now translating my small works into French."

"Your works?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" he cried, laughing. "Yes, I have been guilty of several monographs. They are all upon technical subjects. Here, for example, is one 'Upon the Distinction between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos.' In it I enumerate a hundred and forty forms of cigar, cigarette, and pipe tobacco, with coloured plates illustrating the difference in the ash. It is a point which is continually turning up in criminal trials, and which is sometimes of supreme importance as a clue. If you can say definitely, for example, that some murder had been done by a man who was smoking an Indian *lunkah*, it obviously narrows your field of search. To the trained eye there is as much difference between the black ash of a Trichinopoly and the white fluff of bird's-eye as there is between a cabbage and a potato."

"You have an extraordinary genius for minutiae," I remarked.

"I appreciate their importance. Here is my monograph upon the tracing of footsteps, with some remarks upon the uses of plaster of Paris as a preserver of impressions. Here, too, is a curious little work upon the influence of a trade upon the form of the hand, with lithotypes of the hands of slaters, sailors, corkcutters, compositors, weavers, and diamond-polishers."

That is a matter of great practical interest to the scientific detective—especially in cases of unclaimed

bodies, or in discovering the antecedents of criminals. But I weary you with my hobby."

"Not at all," I answered earnestly. "It is of the greatest interest to me, especially since I have had the opportunity of observing your practical application of it. But you spoke just now of observation and deduction. Surely the one to some extent implies the other."

"Why, hardly," he answered, leaning back luxuriously in his armchair and sending up thick blue wreaths from his pipe. "For example, observation shows me that you have been to the Wigmore Street Post-Office this morning, but deduction lets me know that when there you dispatched a telegram."

"Right!" said I. "Right on both points! But I confess that I don't see how you arrived at it. It was a sudden impulse upon my part, and I have mentioned it to no one."

"It is simplicity itself," he remarked, chuckling at my surprise—"so absurdly simple that an explanation is superfluous; and yet it may serve to define the limits of observation and of deduction. Observation tells me that you have a little reddish mould adhering to your instep. Just opposite the Wigmore Street Office they have taken up the pavement and thrown up some earth, which lies in such a way that it is difficult to avoid treading in it in entering. The earth is of this peculiar reddish tint which is found, as far as I know, nowhere else in the neighbourhood. So much is observation. The rest is deduction."

"How, then, did you deduce the telegram?"

"Why, of course I knew that you had not written a letter, since I sat opposite to you all morning. I see also in your open desk there that you have a sheet of stamps and

a thick bundle of postcards. What could you go into the post-office for, then, but to send a wire? Eliminate all other factors, and the one which remains must be the truth."

"In this case it certainly is so," I replied after a little thought. "The thing, however, is, as you say, of the simplest. Would you think me impertinent if I were to put your theories to a more severe test?"

"On the contrary," he answered, "it would prevent me from taking a second dose of cocaine. I should be delighted to look into any problem which you might submit to me."

"I have heard you say it is difficult for a man to have any object in daily use without leaving the impress of his individuality upon it in such a way that a trained observer might read it. Now, I have here a watch which has recently come into my possession. Would you have the kindness to let me have an opinion upon the character or habits of the late owner?"

I handed him over the watch with some slight feeling of amusement in my heart, for the test was, as I thought, an impossible one, and I intended it as a lesson against the somewhat dogmatic tone which he occasionally assumed. He balanced the watch in his hand, gazed hard at the dial, opened the back, and examined the works, first with his naked eyes and then with a powerful convex lens. I could hardly keep from smiling at his crestfallen face when he finally snapped the case to and handed it back.

"There are hardly any data," he remarked. "The watch has been recently cleaned, which robs me of my most suggestive facts."

"You are right," I answered. "It was cleaned before being sent to me."

In my heart I accused my companion of putting forward a most lame and impotent excuse to cover his failure. What data could he expect from an uncleaned watch?

"Though unsatisfactory, my research has not been entirely barren," he observed, staring up at the ceiling with dreamy, lack-lustre eyes. "Subject to your correction, I should judge that the watch belonged to your elder brother, who inherited it from your father."

"That you gather, no doubt, from the H. W. upon the back?"

"Quite so. The W. suggests your own name. The date of the watch is nearly fifty years back, and the initials are as old as the watch: so it was made for the last generation. Jewelry usually descends to the eldest son, and he is most likely to

have the same name as the father. Your father has, if I remember right, been dead many years. It has, therefore, been in the hands of your eldest brother."

"Right, so far," said I. "Anything else?"

"He was a man of untidy habits—very untidy and careless. He was left with good prospects, but he threw away his chances, lived for some time in poverty with occasional short intervals of prosperity, and finally, taking to drink, he died. That is all I can gather."

I sprang from my chair and limped impatiently about the room with considerable bitterness in my heart.

"This is unworthy of you, Holmes," I said. "I could not have believed that you would have descended to this. You have made inquiries into the history of my unhappy brother, and you now pretend to deduce this knowledge in some fanciful way. You cannot expect me to believe that you have read all this from his old watch! It is unkind and, to speak plainly, has a touch of charlatanry in it."

"My dear doctor," said he kindly, "pray accept my apologies. Viewing the matter as an abstract problem, I had forgotten how personal and painful a thing it might be to you. I assure you, however, that I never even knew that you had a brother until you handed me the watch."

"Then how in the name of all that is wonderful did you get these facts? They are absolutely correct in every particular."

"Ah, that is good luck. I could only say what was the balance of probability. I did not at all expect to be so accurate."

"But it was not mere guesswork?"

"No, no: I never guess. It is a shocking habit—destructive to the logical faculty. What seems strange to you is only so because you do not follow my train of thought or observe the small facts upon which large inferences may depend. For example, I began by stating that your brother was careless. When you observe the lower part of that watch-case you notice that it is not only dented in two places but it is cut and marked all over from the habit of keeping other hard objects,

such as coins or keys, in the same pocket. Surely it is no great feat to assume that a man who treats a fifty-guinea watch so cavalierly must be a careless man. Neither is it a very far-fetched inference that a man who inherits one article of such value is pretty well provided for in other respects."

I nodded to show that I followed his reasoning.

"It is very customary for pawn-brokers in England, when they take a watch, to scratch the numbers of the ticket with a pin-point upon the inside of the case. It is more handy than a label as there is no risk of the number being lost or transposed. There are no less than four such numbers visible to my lens on the inside of the case. Inference—that your brother was often at low water. Secondary inference—that he had occasional bursts of prosperity, or he could not have redeemed the pledge. Finally, I ask you to look at the inner plate, which contains the keyhole. Look at the thousands of scratches all round the hole—marks where the key has slipped. What sober man's key could have scored those grooves? But you will never see a drunkard's watch without them. He winds it at night, and he leaves these traces of his unsteady hand. Where is the mystery in all this?"

"It is as clear as daylight," I answered. "I regret the injustice which I did you. I should have had more faith in your marvellous faculty. May I ask whether you have any professional inquiry on foot at present?"

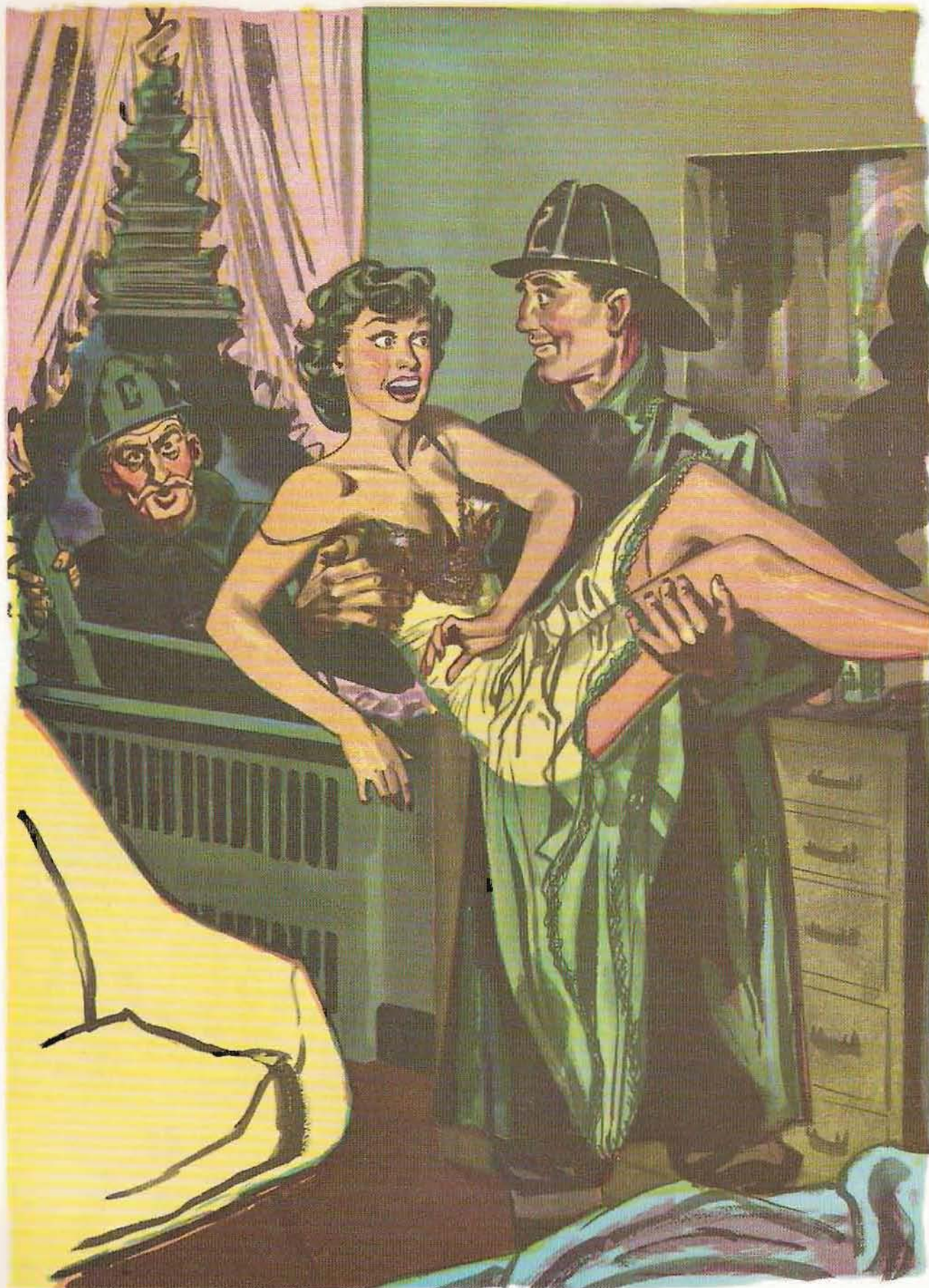
"None. Hence the cocaine. I cannot live without brainwork. What else is there to live for? Stand at the window here. Was ever such a dreary, dismal, unprofitable world? See how the yellow fog swirls down the street and drifts across the dun-coloured houses. What could be more hopelessly prosaic and material? What is the use of having powers, Doctor, when one has no field upon which to exert them? Crime is commonplace, existence is commonplace, and no qualities save those which are commonplace have any function upon earth."



Starting with the next issue, **PLAYBOY** will present
a series of the most famous adventures of **Sherlock Holmes**.

NEXT MONTH

a case of foreign intrigue, involving a beautiful, unscrupulous woman and a king who wore a mask.



"Damn it, Henderson—the fire's across the street!"

An open letter from CALIFORNIA



YOU know me, fellows — I'm an eastern boy. Have been all my life. Just moved out here to Southern California last month to try and soothe an ugly ulcer and some jangled, city-type nerves.

I rented myself a little place on the outskirts of L. A. The deal included a six room house, some palm trees and a private swimming pool.

The house and the palm trees were a good idea, but the pool was sheer genius.

I discovered that California is a very friendly state and that "Come see my swimming pool" works much better than "etchings" ever did. What's more, it works any time of day or night.

I'm enclosing some pictures of my favorite pool-pal of the moment. We locked bumpers at a drive-in two weeks ago and have been practically inseparable ever since.

She took to the pool idea right away, and when she showed up the next afternoon in a bikini bathing suit, I decided to sign a three year lease on the place.

That was some bathing suit. Well, to be perfectly honest, I'm giving the suit more credit than it deserves. She put a lot better material into it than the manufacturer did. Let's face it, the suit was really nothing much. That's what made it so interesting.



She sunbathed in it —



She watered my lawn in it —



She even ate lunch in it —

But when I told her I didn't think she could swim in it, she agreed with me. Then she handed the suit to me . . .

and went in swimming without it—



I told her she was going to sizzle her epidermis, but at the end of the afternoon, the only things sunburned were my eyeballs.



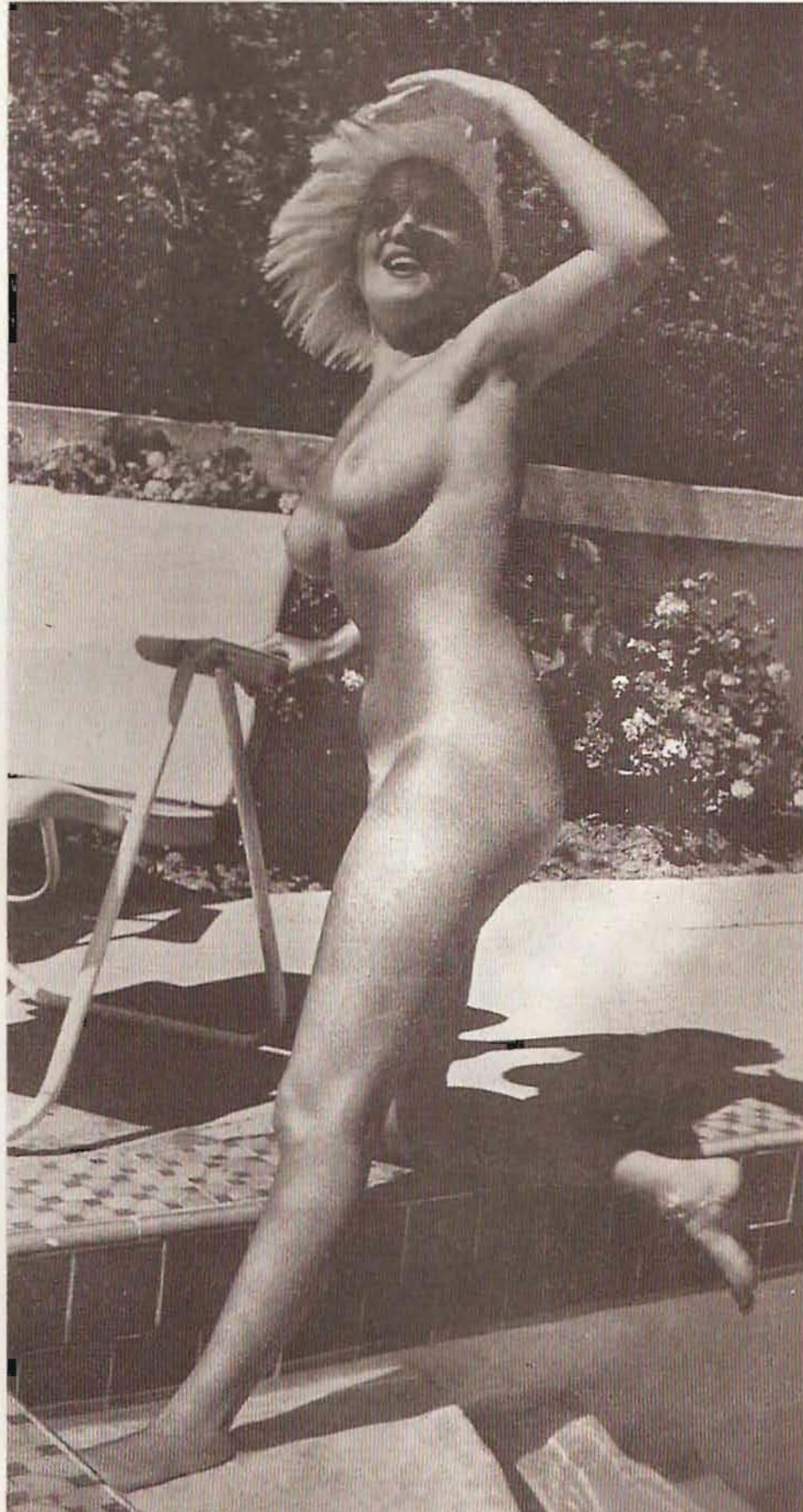
Yeah, California is a helluva fine state.



The swimming pool has an intricately designed mosaic pattern running around it. Interesting, eh?



It was amazing how that lovely little lady could float without the help of water wings or anything.



GREEN EYES brought down the house. The kids had danced dreamily through *I Hear A Rhapsody* and clapped loud and long for *Tangerine*, but when the band swung into *Green Eyes*, with the male vocalist handling the first ballad chorus, a pert blonde singing the familiar jump version on the second, the whole place rocked. The little man in front of the orchestra was Jimmy Dorsey and these were the wonderful numbers that had made him famous.

One might have expected more JD standards in the next set, but the band opened up with *I'll Never Smile Again*, then turned their brass loose on *Song of India and Marie*. There was another fellow up front now, blowing a familiar, sentimental horn, and even the squares who'd wandered into the ballroom without reading the signs outside could guess that Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey were playing together again, though they might not have known it was the first time in nearly eighteen years.

The original Dorsey Brothers Band of '34 and '35 is one of the most famous in jazz history. But it's probably remembered best because of the phenomenal success each of the brothers achieved separately in the years that followed.

The Dorseys began their professional careers in 1922, when Jimmy, then eighteen, signed to play clarinet and sax with a little jazz group called the Sacramento Sirens. Jimmy talked the leader into hiring his younger brother Tommy to play trombone and both brothers were on their way. After a stint with the California Ramblers, a popular recording band of the day, they landed with Jean Goldkette.

It was with Goldkette and later with Paul Whiteman that the boys picked up polish, changing from eager, steamed-up jazz men to accomplished musicians. Goldkette and Whiteman knew how to take the raw flavor and excitement of jazz and make it commercially acceptable. They made good popular music pay, and the brothers learned lessons from them that they've never forgotten.

In 1927 with Whiteman, the Dorseys were moving among the great, playing and hob-nobbing with men like Eddy Lang, Bix Beiderbecke, Matty Melneck, Joe Venuti and Frankie Trumbauer. Just three years before, Whiteman had played his famous New York jazz concert introducing George Gershwin's *Rhapsody In Blue*. Jazz had become a national craze and its exponents national celebrities.

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THE DORSEY



A 1934 handbill plugged the first Dorsey Brothers Orchestra as "Radio's Next Name Band." Fame was just around the corner, but for two bands, not one.



After a year the Dorseys quit Whiteman to pick up some of the big money to be had in radio and recording dates in New York. They backed up Bing Crosby, The Boswell Sisters, Ruth Etting, Rudy Vallee and Rubinoff. The first record they made under their own names was a semi-concert piece cut in '27. The label read: "The Dorsey Brothers' Concert Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy Conducting."

In 1933 Jimmy and Tommy formed the original Dorsey Brothers Band. They weren't planning to create anything new in jazz; it was a commercial unit for dance dates. The band was small, with three saxes, four brass, and four rhythm. They had Ray McKinley on drums, Bob Crosby on vocals, and a young man named Glenn Miller doing their arranging.

The first Dorsey Brothers Band only lasted a few

months. The brothers parted company in the winter of 1933. They were playing a dance date at the Glen Island Casino — Tommy was up front, beating the time for the number. "That's too fast," Jimmy called from the sax section. Tommy glared at him, snatched up his trombone and stalked off the bandstand. The *New York World Telegram* reported, "Personal acrimony crept in, but musical differences were the real cause of the quarrel that split the Dorseys."

Whether music or temperament caused the rift, it was one of the luckiest disagreements in jazz history. The boys went their separate ways and produced two of the biggest bands of the wonderful Big Band Era that followed.

In the late thirties and early forties, America rediscovered its feet. We'd just come out of a depression and we felt like dancing. Phonographs, almost put out of business by radio, were suddenly bigger sellers than ever before. Swing was king. The music of Goodman, Miller, Herman, Shaw, James, and the Dorseys filled the airways.

Jimmy featured a "Contrasts in Music" style and vocalists Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell doing numbers like *Tangerine*, *Amapola*, and *Green Eyes*.

Tommy offered star instrumentalists Ziggy Elman, Bunny Berigan, Buddy Rich, Charlie Spivak, Ray Bauduc, and vocalists Frank Sinatra, Jo Stafford, Connie Haines, Jack Leonard and The Pied Pipers, playing and singing pop classics like *Boogie Woogie*, *Stardust*, *Song of India*, *I'll Never Smile Again*, *There Are Such Things*, and *Marie*. Jimmy Dorsey sold 40 million records; Tommy Dorsey, 70 million.

After the war, the bottom dropped out of the dance band business. Progressives Kenton and Herman took jazz into the concert halls and the biggest selling records were vocals with fancy orchestral backgrounds — Sinatra and Stordahl setting the pace.

Some believe the day of the big dance band is gone forever. There are signs that suggest otherwise, however. Several of the record companies have formed new dance-type bands in the last few months with very encouraging results. RCA Victor has built two recording groups — one fronted by Ralph Flanagan, a Sammy Kaye arranger, the other by Eddie Sauter and Bill Finegan, ex-arrangers for Goodman and Miller. Both have done remarkably well on records and are now meeting with success in dance-dates around the country. Capitol has done the same thing, with equally encouraging results, with Billy May, an ex-Glenn Miller trumpet player. And Columbia has Goodman, who last spring organized a forty-city tour with a group including Ziggy Elman, Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson and Helen Ward. It was primarily a concert-hall thing, but they included several dances on their itinerary and went over big everywhere they appeared, even though BG became ill early in the tour and was unable to continue with the group.

The new Dorsey Brothers Band has been styled for dancing, playing dance-dates almost exclusively, and has been tremendously successful. If the new Dorsey Band can help bring back a time when the flick of a radio dial any evening brought you music like Miller's *Serenade In Blue*, Ellington's *A Train*, *Frenesi* by Shaw, and *Boogie Woogie*, *Tangerine* and *Marie* by the Dorseys themselves—then their reunion may be even more significant than their parting eighteen years ago.



BROTHERS

By Arthur Silver

GOING THEIR SEPARATE WAYS, JIMMY AND

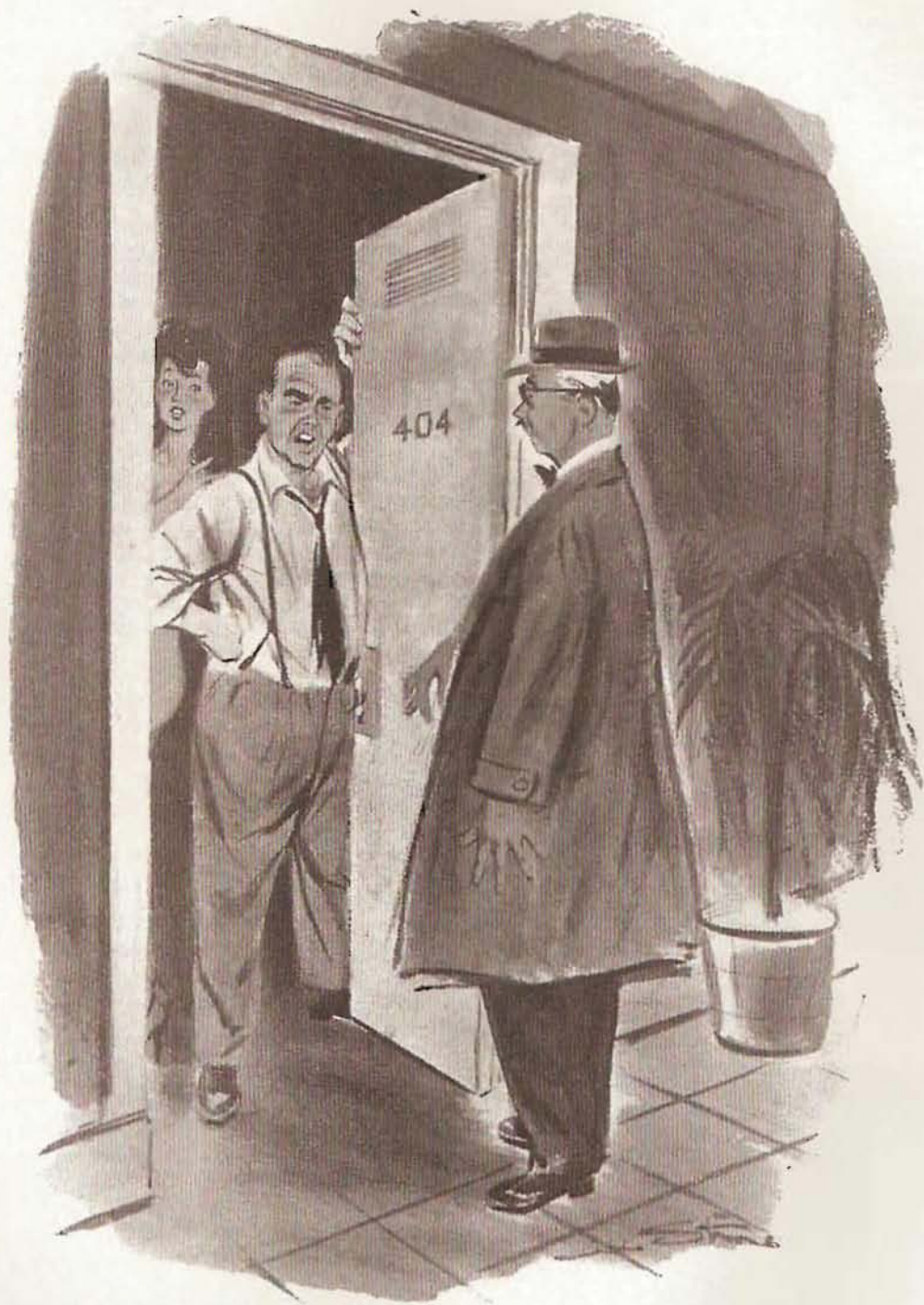
TOMMY DORSEY HAD TWO OF THE BIGGEST

BANDS OF THE BIG BAND ERA; TOGETHER

AGAIN, THEY MAY BRING THAT ERA BACK.

Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly supplied the vocals for the famous Jimmy Dorsey band. This was 1940 and both the Dorsey brothers were at the top of their popularity.





Wha'd'ya mean you'll call the house detective? I'm the house detective!!"

Matanzas Love Affair

By BOB RODERICK

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANKLIN McMAHON

FOOD AND DRINK

MATANZAS is a very old town about ninety miles east of Havana. For centuries it has been one of the leading sugar ports of the world, and one of the most popular with sailors, too.

It has everything a man looks for in a town — a wealth of saloons, lots of good food, and a great sufficiency of friendly and forgiving women.

This *Chantey Man* has had a love affair with Matanzas since the first



time we dropped the hook there. We spent most our nights in a spot run by an ebony amazon named Sister Fifi. It is *Feef* who first introduced us to *Sob-Sob Rice and Chicken*. Her place, its food and entertainment, must be recorded now that the dogooders have closed her up.

Feef was nearly six feet tall, as solid and large as the trunk of a sequoia, and about the color of an eggplant. She glistened purple in the light and flashed a Comstock Lode of gold when she smiled.

Her saloon was class, the kind our messmen would go to without their kitchen knives stuck in their belts. On the first floor was a bar, a line of rickety tables and chairs, and a stamp-sized dance floor that Feef's girls used to complete preliminary negotiations.

Up above was the "gymnasium," a row of windowless rooms whose dim precincts of love were presided over by Feef's chinese husband, LeRoy Eng. LeRoy was a little man whose chief claim to fame was 'Go-To-Hell-Bitters,' a drink he'd created. It's the finest cure for a morning-after we've ever come across, and we'll tell you about it another time.

And the "gymnasium" wasn't the only entertainment Feef offered. There was a cock-fighting pit in the back yard. Back there we once saw a handler get the first joint of his forefinger snapped off as prettily as you please by a spur. And there was the dancing of "Eurelia the Magnificent,"

unapproachable, lush and forbidding.

Make no mistake about it, she was all woman. Firm, high bosom, broad hips, and a flat stomach that gyrated so when she danced that our bosun was moved to comment in awe, "She's got it hanged on a universal joint."

But Eurelia was a Haitian, and therefore almost primitively sullen. So no one ever got a chance to check the bosun's theory, till our very last time in Matanzas.

We sat in Feef's drinking beer and cursing the fickleness of a woman in far off New Rochelle. Eurelia came and sat down at our table dispiritedly. "Buy me a drink, Chantey Man," she pouted. "I homesick."

"Buy it yourself," we snapped, still thinking of New Rochelle.

"I buy you one too, if'n you be nice," she said.

That coming from Eurelia brought us back from New Rochelle in a hurry. We drank a lot of beer that night, big, sweating, brown quarts of ice cold Polar. And when we were done, we went away for the weekend, "for to feel good."

When we came back, Feef was bowled over to see Eurelia smiling. She fixed us a gigantic dish of *Sob-Sob Rice and Chicken*. As she served us, she said, "A little fum de sea, an' a little fum de field, an' a little fum de well of love, that make a man feel good."

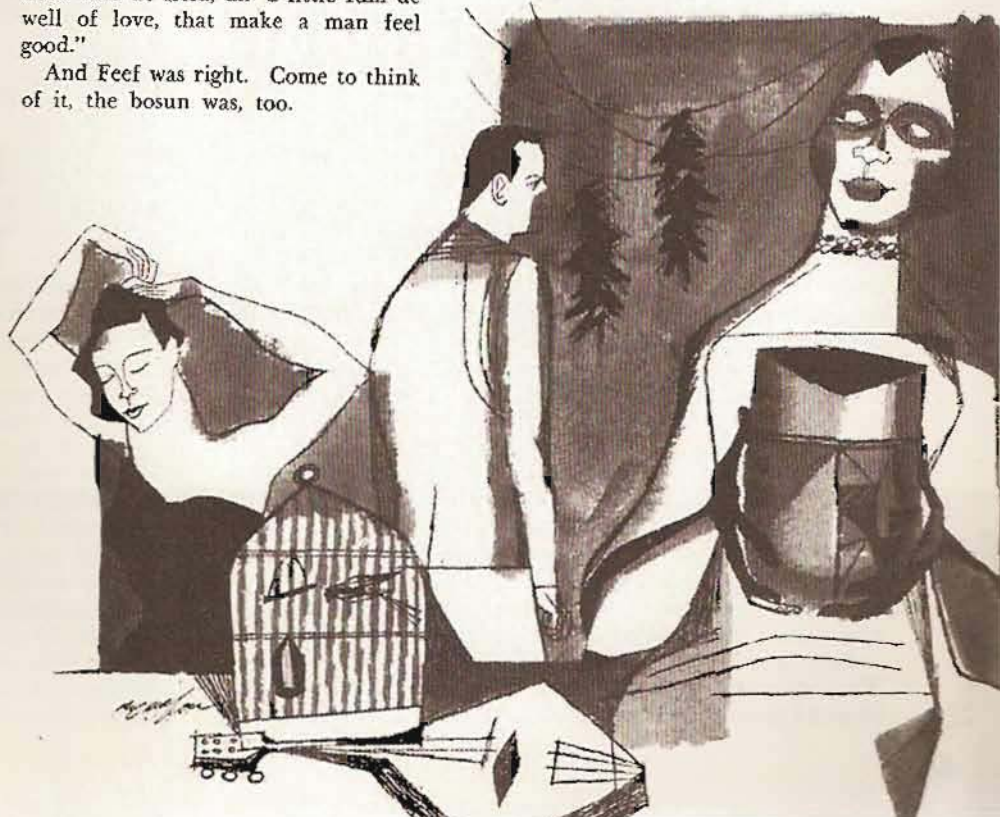
And Feef was right. Come to think of it, the bosun was, too.

SOB-SOB RICE AND CHICKEN

(Serving for four)

- 1 chicken, disjointed
- 1 onion, diced
- 2 tomatoes, quartered
- 2 teaspoons of sugar
- 1 teaspoon of thyme
- 1 teaspoon of black pepper
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- ½ cup blanched almonds
- ½ cup pitted, chopped black olives
- 3 chopped green onions
- 2 teaspoons of olive oil
- flour
- 1½ cups of white rice

Brown onion, tomatoes, thyme, pepper, salt and sugar in pan with 2 teaspoons of olive oil. Dredge chicken in flour, and fry until skin is golden all the way around. Add the pan of herbs to the chicken at this point. Pour in water to cover chicken; simmer over low flame 45 minutes. Add rice and more water to cover chicken. Cook until rice is tender. Serve in heaping bowls—almonds, olives and green onions sprinkled over the top. Warning: this dish is HOT. Serve with ice cold beer.



ONE sunny afternoon in the autumn of the year 1861 a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in western Virginia. He lay at full length upon his stomach, his feet resting upon the toes, his head upon the left forearm. His extended right hand loosely grasped his rifle. But for the somewhat methodical disposition of his limbs and a slight rhythmic movement of the cartridge box at the back of his belt he might have been thought to be dead. He was asleep at his post of duty. But if detected he would be dead shortly afterward, death being the just and legal penalty of his crime.

The clump of laurel in which the criminal lay was in the angle of a road which after ascending southward a steep acclivity to that point turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps one hundred yards. There it turned southward again and went zigzagging downward through the forest. At the salient of that second angle was a large flat rock, jutting out northward, overlooking the deep valley from which the road ascended. The rock capped a

the bottom of that military rattrap, in which half a hundred men in possession of the exits might have starved an army to submission, lay five regiments of Federal infantry. They had marched all the previous day and night and were resting. At nightfall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their unfaithful sentinel now slept, and descending the other slope of the ridge fall upon a camp of the enemy at about midnight. Their hope was to surprise it, for the road led to the rear of it. In case of failure, their position would be perilous in the extreme; and fail they surely would should accident or vigilance apprise the enemy of the movement.

• • •

The sleeping sentinel in the clump of laurel was a young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son of wealthy parents, an only child, and had known such ease and cultivation and high living as wealth and taste were able to command in the mountain country of western Virginia. His home was but a

FICTION

A HORSEMAN IN THE

by AMBROSE BIERCE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANZ ALTSCHULER

high cliff; a stone dropped from its outer edge would have fallen sheer downward one thousand feet to the tops of the pines. The angle where the soldier lay was on another spur of the same cliff. Had he been awake he would have commanded a view, not only of the short arm of the road and the jutting rock, but of the entire profile of the cliff below it. It might well have made him giddy to look.

The country was wooded everywhere except at the bottom of the valley to the northward, where there was a small natural meadow, through which flowed a stream scarcely visible from the valley's rim. This open ground looked hardly larger than an ordinary dooryard, but was really several acres in extent. Its green was more vivid than that of the inclosing forest. Away beyond it rose a line of giant cliffs similar to those upon which we are supposed to stand in our survey of the savage scene, and through which the road had somehow made its climb to the summit. The configuration of the valley, indeed, was such that from this point of observation it seemed entirely shut in, and one could but have wondered how the road which found a way out of it had found a way into it, and whence came and whither went the waters of the stream that parted the meadow more than a thousand feet below.

No country is so wild and difficult but men will make it a theater of war; concealed in the forest at

few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had risen from the breakfast table and said, quietly but gravely: "Father, a Union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it."

The father lifted his leonine head, looked at the son a moment in silence, and replied: "Well, go, sir, and whatever may occur do what you conceive to be your duty. Virginia, to which you are a traitor, must get on without you. Should we both live to the end of the war, we will speak further of the matter. Your mother, as the physician has informed you, is in a most critical condition; at the best she cannot be with us longer than a few weeks, but that time is precious. It would be better not to disturb her."

So Carter Druse, bowing reverently to his father, who returned the salute with a stately courtesy that masked a breaking heart, left the home of his childhood to go soldiering. By conscience and courage, by deeds of devotion and daring, he soon commended himself to his fellows and his officers; and it was to these qualities and to some knowledge of the country that he owed his selection for his present perilous duty at the extreme outpost. Nevertheless, fatigue had been stronger than resolution and he had fallen asleep. What good or bad angel came in a dream to rouse him from his state of crime, who shall say? Without a movement, without a sound, in the profound silence and the languor of the late afternoon,

some invisible messenger of fate touched with unsealing finger the eyes of his consciousness — whispered into the ear of his spirit the mysterious awakening word which no human lips ever have spoken, no human memory ever has recalled. He quietly raised his forehead from his arm and looked between the masking stems of the laurels, instinctively closing his right hand about the stock of his rifle.

His first feeling was a keen artistic delight. On a colossal pedestal, the cliff — motionless at the extreme edge of the capping rock, and sharply outlined against the sky — was an equestrian statue of impressive dignity. The figure of the man sat the figure of the horse, straight and soldierly, but with the repose of a Grecian god carved in the marble which limits the suggestion of activity. The gray costume harmonized with its aerial background; the metal of accoutrement and caparison was softened and subdued by the shadow; the animal's skin had no points of high light. A carbine strikingly foreshortened lay across the pommel of the saddle, kept in place by the right hand

sealed foeman — seemed to look into his very face, into his eyes, into his brave, compassionate heart.

Is it then so terrible to kill an enemy in war — an enemy who has surprised a secret vital to the safety of one's self and comrades — an enemy more formidable for his knowledge than all his army for its numbers? Carter Druse grew pale; he shook in every limb, turned faint, and saw the the statuesque group before him as black figures, rising, falling, moving unsteadily in arcs of circles in a fiery sky. His hand fell away from his weapon, his head slowly dropped until his face rested on the leaves in which he lay. This courageous gentleman and hardy soldier was near swooning from intensity of emotion.

It was not for long; in another moment his face was raised from earth, his hands resumed their places on the rifle, his forefinger sought the trigger; mind, heart, and eyes were clear, conscience and reason sound. He could not hope to capture that enemy; to alarm him would but send him dashing to his camp with his fatal news. The duty of the soldier was



grasping it at the "grip"; the left hand, holding the bridle rein, was invisible. In silhouette against the sky the profile of the horse was cut with the sharpness of a cameo; it looked across the heights of air to the confronting cliffs beyond. The face of the rider, turned slightly away, showed only an outline of temple and beard; he was looking downward to the bottom of the valley. Magnified by its lift against the sky and by the soldier's testifying sense of the formidableness of a near enemy the group appeared of heroic, almost colossal, size.

For an instant Druse had a strange, half-defined feeling that he had slept to the end of the war and was looking upon a noble work of art reared upon that eminence to commemorate the deeds of an heroic past of which he had been an inglorious part. The feeling was dispelled by a slight movement of the group; the horse, without moving its feet, had drawn its body slightly backward from the verge; the man remained immobile as before. Broad awake and keenly alive to the significance of the situation, Druse now brought the butt of his rifle against his cheek by cautiously pushing the barrel forward through the bushes, cocked the piece, and glancing through the sights covered a vital spot of the horseman's breast. A touch upon the trigger and all would have been well with Carter Druse. At that instant the horseman turned his head and looked in the direction of his con-

plain; the man must be shot dead from ambush — without warning, without a moment's spiritual preparation, with never so much as an unspoken prayer, he must be sent to his account. But no — there is a hope; he may have discovered nothing — perhaps he is but admiring the sublimity of the landscape. If permitted, he may turn and ride carelessly away in the direction whence he came. Surely it will be possible to judge at the instant of his withdrawing whether he knows. It may well be that his fixity of attention — Druse turned his head and looked through the deeps of air downward, as from the surface to the bottom of a translucent sea. He saw creeping across the green meadow a sinuous line of figures of men and horses — some foolish commander was permitting the soldiers of his escort to water their beasts in the open, in plain view from a dozen summits!

Druse withdrew his eyes from the valley and fixed them again upon the group of man and horse in the sky, and again it was through the sights of his rifle. But this time his aim was at the horse. In his memory, as if they were a divine mandate, rang the words of his father at their parting: "Whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty." He was calm now. His teeth were firmly but not rigidly closed; his nerves were as tranquil as a sleeping babe's — not a tremor affected any muscle of his body; his breathing, until suspended in the act of taking aim, was regular and

HORSEMAN—continued

slow. Duty had conquered; the spirit had said to the body: "Peace, be still." He fired.

• • •

An officer of the Federal force, who in a spirit of adventure or in quest of knowledge had left the hidden bivouac in the valley, and with aimless feet had made his way to the lower edge of a small open space near the foot of the cliff, was considering what he had to gain by pushing his exploration further. At a distance of a quarter mile before him, but apparently at a stone's throw, rose from its fringe of pines the gigantic face of rock, towering to so great a height above him that it made him giddy to look up to where its edge cut a sharp, rugged line against the sky. It presented a clean, vertical profile against a background of blue sky to a point half the way down, and of distant hills, hardly less blue, thence to the tops of the trees at its base. Lifting his eyes to the dizzy altitude of its summit the officer saw an astonishing sight — a man on horseback riding down into the valley through the air!

Straight upright sat the rider, in military fashion, with a firm seat in the saddle, a strong clutch upon the rein to hold his charger from too impetuous a plunge. From his bare head his long hair streamed upward, waving like a plume. His hands were concealed in the cloud of the horse's lifted mane. The animal's body was as level as if every hoof stroke encountered the resistant earth. Its motions were those of a wild gallop, but even as the officer looked they ceased, with all the legs thrown forward as in the act of alighting from a leap.

But this was a flight!

Filled with amazement and terror by this apparition of a horseman in the sky — half believing himself the chosen scribe of some new Apocalypse, the officer was overcome by the intensity of his emotions; his legs failed him and he fell. Almost at the same instant he heard a crashing sound in the trees — a sound that died without an echo and all was still.

The officer rose to his feet, trembling. The familiar sensation of an abraded shin recalled his dazed faculties. Pulling himself together he ran rapidly obliquely away from the cliff to a point distant from its foot; thereabout he expected to find his man; and thereabout he



"I suspect foul play!"

naturally failed. In the fleeting instant of his vision his imagination had been so wrought upon by the apparent grace and ease and intention of the marvelous performance that it did not occur to him that the line of march of aerial cavalry is directly downward, and that he could find the objects of his search at the very foot of the cliff. A half-hour later he returned to camp.

This officer was a wise man; he knew better than to tell an incredible truth. He said nothing of what he had seen. But when the commander asked him if in his scouting he had learned anything of advantage to the expedition he answered:

"Yes, sir; there is no road leading down into this valley from the southward."

The commander, knowing better, smiled.

• • •

After firing his shot, Private Carter Druse reloaded his rifle and resumed his watch. Ten minutes had hardly passed when a Federal sergeant crept cautiously to him

on hands and knees. Druse neither turned his head nor looked at him, but lay without motion or sign of recognition.

"Did you fire?" the sergeant whispered.

"Yes."

"At what?"

"A horse. It was standing on yonder rock — pretty far out. You see it is no longer there. It went over the cliff."

The man's face was white, but he showed no other sign of emotion. Having answered, he turned away his eyes and said no more. The sergeant did not understand.

"See here, Druse," he said, after a moment's silence, "it's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was anybody on the horse?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"My father."

The sergeant rose to his feet and slowly walked away. "Good God!" he said.



the return of the ALL-PURPOSE BACK

It's been almost thirty years since Harold "Red" Grange last toted the pigskin for Illinois, but Illini still talk about the "Ghost" and how he galloped.

The *gallop* is what sports fans remember best, but Grange was one of the greatest *all-around* players the game of football has ever known. And this year as college coaches struggle through their first single-platoon season in over a decade, the scouts are searching the high school gridirons of the nation for backs who can not only run and pass — but kick, tackle and block passes as well.

The new NCAA substitution rule restricts a withdrawn player from returning to the game in the same quarter, except during the last four minutes of each half. While eliminating the two-platoon system, this is liberal compared to the rules Grange played under. In those days, players often competed the full sixty minutes.

Besides Grange's phenomenal running ability, he developed into one of the best passers in the Big 10. Red was an unusually good kicker, and Coach Bob Zupke used him for surprise punts when Illinois found themselves in a hole. At Wheaton High, Red set a record with thirty consecutive points after touchdown, and once kicked nine field goals in a single game.

Illinois line coach Burt Ingwersen remembers Red's defensive play as something very special too. "He had an uncanny knack for sensing what the opposing team was going to do," Ingwersen recalls, "and his pass interference rates with the very best. I remember a game against Northwestern back in '24. The Wildcats were deep in Illinois territory. Grange intercepted a pass on his own 10 yard line, then zig-zagged his way through the entire Northwestern team for a 90 yard touchdown."

When Red first went out for

two-platoon football is dead, and the search is on

for all-around players like,

just for example, RED GRANGE



by GEORGE JENNINGS

ALL-PURPOSE BACK—continued

football at Illinois, Ingwersen was the freshman coach. Red took one look at the nearly 200 candidates and decided the competition was too tough for him. His fraternity brothers disagreed, and they chased him out onto the practice field with their initiation paddles.

By the end of his freshman season, Illinois' coaches knew they had a great ball player, but they didn't yet know *how* great. Grange played halfback for the varsity in '23 and '24 and won All-American honors in that position both years. In '25 Illinois lost quarterback Harry Hall and Grange was versatile enough to step into that position and capture All-American honors again.

In his first varsity season, Grange scored in each of the seven games for a total of twelve touchdowns. In 1924, his scoring jumped to thirteen touchdowns in just six games. As a quarterback in his final year, Red ran up as much yardage as ever, but his touchdowns dropped to six. But then, no one scored many points in 1925 — it was commonly referred to as "the year of the big mud."

Nearly all of Red's games were thrillers, but the Michigan game of 1924 was probably the most exciting afternoon in football history.

It was really a contest for

the Big 10 championship of the previous season. Both teams had gone undefeated in '23, but had not been scheduled to play one another. Michigan's Wolverines were riding a winning streak that went back to 1921, and they were confident about taking both Illinois and the Big 10 crown.

When Michigan coach Fielding "Hurry Up" Yost was asked about Grange, he retorted. "We've eleven good tacklers on this team. We'll stop him." Yost had good reason for confidence. His Wolverines were a rugged, scrappy bunch, and their captain, Herb Steger, had never played on a losing team.

This day was Illinois' Homecoming, this was the dedication game for the newly completed two million dollar Memorial Stadium, and excitement was at fever pitch. It doubled when the Fighting Illini came onto the field. Coach Yost looked, then looked again. The Illini were *bare-legged*.

It was an unusually warm October afternoon and Bob Zupke had ordered his team to strip off their long, woolen stockings for comfort. This is common practice today, but was unheard of in 1924. Yost suspected a trick, and insisted on feeling each player's legs to make certain they weren't greased to make tackling difficult.

Michigan won the toss and elected to kick. This was considered "good football" in those days, the theory being: kick deep into your opponent's territory, hold them there and force them to punt, take their boot at midfield, and go back into their territory to score.

Michigan captain Herb Steger kicked a long, low ball down the center of the field. Grange took it on the 5 like an outfielder spearing a knee-high drive, then moved to his right. Before the Wolverines could close in, the *Ghost* was past them. At midfield he met Herb Steger. Another phantom motion and he was in the clear, galloping to a 95 yard touchdown. Twelve seconds after the opening whistle, Red Grange had crossed the goal line standing up. Memorial Stadium went wild.

Following an exchange of punts, Illinois hit right guard for a yard. Then Red stepped around left end, cut back, and raced 66 yards for a second score.

After another punt exchange, Red got his hands on the ball for the fourth time, and again he romped through the Michigan

eleven — this time 55 yards for Illinois touchdown number three. The Wolverines were stunned. Yost shook his head from side to side. Red Grange's legs were greased — with lightning.

Feeling, however, that lightning would not, and could not strike again for a fourth time in the very same spot, on the very same afternoon, Michigan again elected to kick. But to make *absolutely* certain, Steger booted the ball into the end zone.

After an exchange of fumbles, Illinois took over on Michigan's 44. On the first play from scrimmage, Red went around right end, sucked the Wolverine secondary to that side, cut back to midfield, and rambled on to the goal line. The score, Grange — 26, Michigan — 0. At this point, Zupke took Red out of the game for a rest, and the 67,000 spectators, realizing they had just witnessed the most spectacular twelve minutes in football history, let go an ovation that rocked the new stadium to its foundation and, it's said, broke windows on the south side of Chicago, 150 miles away.

While Grange sat on the bench in the second quarter, Michigan struck back for two touchdowns. Red returned to the game in the third period and ran 15 yards through tackle for Illinois touchdown number five. In the final period, he threw a 20 yard pass to Benny Leonard for the final Illini score. In leading the assault on mighty Michigan, Red Grange carried the ball twenty-one times for 402 yards, and completed six passes for 64 more. When the dust had cleared away, the unbeaten Wolverines had been humbled 39 to 14, and Harold "Red" Grange was on his way to football immortality.

In the grueling grid warfare of the twenties, Illinois' opponents tried in every possible way to "Stop Grange!" Coaches plotted special defenses and had their teams "up" for their battles with the Fighting Illini, but Grange ran on and on.

Coaches like Illinois' Burt Ingwersen regret the death of the two-platoon game, because "not as many of the boys will get to play." But Ingwersen does feel the new rule will help football return to the exciting era of the all-around gridiron athlete. And as he speaks, we imagine the *Ghost* galloping off towards another distant goal line.





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Special fixtures like the natural cane screen front (\$80), metal file basket (\$50), and built-in circline fluorescent lamp (\$85) are optional additions.



Gentlemen, be seated

**desk designs
for the
modern office**



Above and right, two versions of the L shaped desk. The basic desk top is available in a number of finishes (at prices ranging from \$120 to \$180) and can be combined with several different storage units (\$226 to \$354).



These office pieces are also ideally suited for the home. The desk, complete with tray, retails for \$275; the typewriter stand, complete, is \$217.



Miller also provides an inexpensive secretarial line with desks at around \$60, typing tables slightly less. The desk's open front permits a better view of secretary's legs.

by MARGARET S. MILLER



IN TIMES PAST, a company's top brass was easily distinguished from the junior executives by the magnificent, mausoleum-like offices from which they operated.

The rooms were big, dark and forbidding. A massive mahogany desk usually dominated the setting, flanked by heavy cabinets and a row of stiff-backed, leather upholstered chairs. Bolts of leaden draperies successfully shut out most of the light and a bigger-than-life painting of the company's founder often glowered down over all.

Such offices were designed to fill visiting clients and the company's lesser officials with awe — but more often the effect was merely depressing.

Then some of the more progressive furniture manufacturers began creating a new kind of interior for the executive office — clean and modern, to match the exciting new buildings being designed for business and industry by men like Wright, Gropius and Le Corbusier.

The new interiors are simple and functional. The rooms are bathed in light, the furniture is a handsome combination of polished wood and chrome. The visitor comes away with the feeling that this executive and his firm are as up-to-date as tomorrow, know where they're going and will use the most modern methods to get there.

The pieces on these pages are by Herman Miller, leading manufacturer in the modern furniture field. The desk, still the center of attention in any office, has taken on a new L shape, partially surrounding the executive with a large working surface and storage section.

The simplest Miller desk retails for about \$60; the executive can furnish an office with a complete L desk, matching storage cabinets, hand-screened draperies, cotton pile rug, several modern, upholstered chairs and a foam rubber couch for around \$2,500.





"Look, Lucy—it's one of them there airplane fellers! Wonder what he's flyin' around so crazy fer?"

MILTON
CANIFF

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EXCITING AFTERNOON.
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